

THE SPIRIT MONITION.

A Drama in Four Acts, with a Prologue and Sequel.

BY

Charles S. Ford.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by CHARLES S. FORD, of Philadelphia, Pa., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



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THE SPIRIT MONITION.



Dramatis Personæ of the Original Cast, as presented under the auspices of the

ECLECTIC DEBATING AND LITERARY SOCIETY,

OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

AT

CARNCROSS' OPERA HOUSE,

ON THE

EVENING OF MAY 28, 1882.

Wm. Graywood,	- - - - -	C. S. FORD.
Walter Ridgely,	- - - - -	F. W. HULFISH.
Sylvester Brown,	- - - - -	A. C. DILWIN.
Simon Gregory,	- - - - -	N. G. TUSTIN.
George Leonard, alias Wm. Green,	- - - - -	H. PHILLIPS.
Detective Franks,	- - - - -	P. F. McCABE.
Judge,	- - - - -	MR. HOCKSTADTER.
Banker,	- - - - -	CHAS. SWIFT.
Horace,	- - - - -	THOS. HAMILTON.
Jasper,	- - - - -	DAN DEMAUPAY.
Mrs. Graywood,	- - - - -	MISS E. GOLDSTIEN.
Spiritual Medium,	- - - - -	MISS ANNIE HOLMES.
Nina St. Clair,	- - - - -	MISS LAURA M. FORD.
Rose,	- - - - -	MISS JULIA BENTON.
Lulu,	- - - - -	MISS ELOISE LARUE.
Mrs. Leonard	- - - - -	MISS B. E. MECKER.

Gamblers, Servants, Attendants, etc.

Time—Present.

Costume—Modern.

PREFACE.

In presenting this Melo-Drama to the public, the author trusts he will not incur the charge of egotism in speaking somewhat of the motives that prompted its production; he feels, in a measure, the necessity for doing this, lest some over-anxious friend or would-be critic should undertake the work for him, and, either unconsciously or intentionally, place him in a false position.

The material and essential idea on which the play is founded, grows out of the teaching of modern Spiritualism and the possibilities of Mediumship; hence the title—"The Spirit Monition"—expressive of a class of phenomena that has for centuries obtruded itself into the mental horizon of humanity, and which has, back through the ages past, and is now engrossing the serious attention, deep thought and study of some of the best trained intellects.

It is not the intention, in this preface, to persuade your reason or judgment, but only to consider a dramatization, showing how future events are made to cast their shadows before, and that every effect, whether apparent or real, has its adequate cause, and that it is often as difficult to decide what is the action of our own intellect or what we have received from circumstances or contact with the mind of others; yet, there are cases where the distinction is so evident that it is not to be doubted.

"The Spirit Monition" illustrates a case in point; and with this object in view, the play is sent adrift over the glittering sea of the drama.

PROLOGUE TO "THE SPIRIT MONITION."

SCENE—Graywood's reception room—table (L. C.)—Mrs. Graywood on chair, arranging evergreens around room—descends from chair—(C.)

Mrs. Graywood—There! Christmas in memory ever green! (pause) What ominous suspense! Why does Mr. Graywood not come? This makes the third night he has sat up with Mr. St. Clair, who must be very low indeed, or my husband would not remain from home. It is now 4 o'clock and Christmas morning.

Enter—(C)—Graywood and Ridgely (Gra. L F) (Rid. R F).

Mrs. Graywood—Come at last! (Graywood sits down.)

Ridgely—Mrs. Graywood, Mr. St. Clair has just died.

Mrs. Graywood—St. Clair dead!

Mr. Graywood—Yes! We sat by his bedside from early last evening until 2 o'clock this Christmas morning. When he opened his eyes and whispered these words: "Nina—my will—is—", and then death sealed his lips forever.

Mrs. Graywood—(sobbing with grief and slowly retiring)—Poor Nina is now an orphan. [Exit at L].

Ridgely—And now I leave you, Graywood; my wife will be anxiously waiting my return home.

Mr. Graywood—Farewell, Ridgely!

Ridgely—(aside)—Truly their grief is heartfelt. [Exit at C D.]

Graywood—Death! What is death, but the shifting of a scene on the stage of life—Nature's process for freeing the spirit from its matrix of clay! And yet! St. Clair's transition fills my soul with grief.

(Lights lower. Draws handkerchief. Tremulous music. Lays head on table.)

CURTAIN.

ACT I.

Supposed lapse of two years.

SCENE 1.—THE CONSPIRACY

Lawyer Brown's office (desk, book-case, etc.) Enter Brown—
 (R) So! St. Clair's will not yet found! strange! Graywood and Ridgely each declare they were witnesses to a will that bequeathed all his property to his daughter Nina, excepting the old house and lot adjoining the St. Clair estate, which he left to Graywood. If this will does not come to light, Graywood, of course, has no claim, and Nina becomes sole heiress (minus lawyer's fees). A considerable loss.

There's Gregory, St. Clair's former partner, whose claims are in my hands for collection; but before I risk Gregory's name in the courts I shall venture on a scheme more promising. If successful, I shall be sure to feather my own nest, and perhaps secure an equal division of the property between Gregory and myself.

To accomplish this, a will must be found, and 'twill be an easy matter to forge the signatures required.

If my memory does not fail, St. Clair died on Christmas day, 1869. Graywood declares that he was witness to a will dated September 18th, 1864. I shall date my will just six months prior to St. Clair's death. This will be ample time to justify an impression that he made his second will and destroyed the first. I will send for Gregory, and if he consents to my scheme, the property is ours. (Sits down and write—reads note aloud).

MR. GREGORY:

Dear Sir: Please call at my office, instantly, as business of importance awaits you.

Yours in haste,

SYLVESTER BROWN.

Rings bell—enter boy. (R)

Brown—Deliver this note at once and bring an answer.
 [Exit boy]. (C)

Suppose he refuses the golden opportunity to replenish his depleted exchequer? what if he does! he is in my power!! One word from me would ruin him forever!

Enter boy. (C).

Brown—Did you bring an answer?

Boy—Mr Gregory is here himself.

Enter Gregory. (C) Exit boy. (R)

Brown—Ah! You are punctual to my summons, Mr. Gregory; be seated, sir.

Gregory— You know I am always prompt in attending to business matters.

Brown—Yes, and if you are as prompt to recover the fifty

housand dollars you lost at your last gambling venture, I can assist you to accomplish that desirable end.

Gregory (aside: How could he have learned this!)—My last gambling venture! What do you mean?

Brown—I mean that the gambler broker, Merchamp, has obtained judgment against you for fifty thousand dollars for three notes of demand which you gave for money loaned, and which you lost while gambling at his rendezvous.

Gregory—Yes! Tis true, and the judgment is closed and the sale takes place to-morrow.

Brown—And what then?

Gregory—Then! I will be a beggar.

Brown—But it can be prevented!

Gregory—How?

Brown—Listen! You and myself bear honorable names; reputations above suspicion. Mr. St. Clair, your former partner, has died intestate. At least no will can be found. I propose that we make one, and draw it in favor of ourselves.

Gregory—Would you make a forger of yourself?

Brown—No! I am not as expert in that line as you are; therefore, your talent can be utilized again to our mutual advantage.

Gregory—What mean these insinuations? I shall place you in the hands of the law for making this base proposal!

Ah! Indeed! Gregory! Ha! ha! ha! You should not attempt to play the game of bluff on an old gamester! If you invoke the law, I shall take a hand in the game myself and raise you three checks that were successfully forged by you, and upon which you obtained the money, [Brown produces checks].

Gregory—Give me those checks! [making a grab for them].

Brown [standing back]—Halt, Gregory! You see your pretended innocence has no potency with me. Foxes are cunning, but they get trapped sometimes.

Gregory. [aside)—Too true! Well! What would you have me do?

Brown—Copy the signature of St. Clair and two witnesses on the will which I shall draft, and do it as perfectly as the names were forged to the checks of Wilson Bros., Davy & Co. and—

Gregory—Enough! Whose two signatures shall I copy?

Brown—Dead men's signatures!

Gregory—Yes! And my secret electric photographic process will so accurately transfer these signatures from the original that the court itself will swear to their genuineness.

Brown—Exactly! I find you apt to discern my scheme, and this very day the document shall be executed, and by morning I will have St. Clair's last will and testament ready for your skillful engrossment. [Brown and Gregory rise from their chair]

Gregory—In the morning then we meet here again; [aside] This man has me in his power! [exit] (C)

Brown—So! Gregory's conscience is made plastic, and his ready assent to my plan shows him to be just the villain adapted to the work. In the morning, by ten o'clock, St. Clair's will shall be registered and publicly announced, making Gregory and myself joint heirs to his property. [exit Brown]

SCENE 2—STREET IN PHILADELPHIA.

Enter Horace (R)—I wonder what Jasper wants with me at Lawyer Brown's to-night; it may be he intends to invoke the spirits. If he does, and they assume the shape of any of my kin, I will speak to them, if every hair of my head turns into a telephone wire.

SCENE 3D—THE YOUTHFUL AMATEURS.

Lawyer Brown's Office. Rose (housemaid) [Dis. 3] dusts furniture, &c. [Sings] "The day that I left home!" Wont I have a jolly time to-night! Mrs. Brown has gone to the country, and Mr. Brown left word that he would not be home till morning. [Sings] "Oh, he won't be home till morning." He knows how to enjoy himself when Mrs. Brown is away, and I will take advantage of his absence and have a little fun to myself. I met Jasper at the gate this evening, and he said he would be here, and perhaps Horace will come too; and then we will all rehearse for the concert next week. Let's see—the first song I sing is, [sings] "Bessie of the Lee."

Knock at door. (Rose opens it.)

Enter Jasper—(Rose embraces him at L 1st.)

Rose—(X to R C; Jasper, X to L C)—My darling, I knew you would come.

Jasper—Ah! now, Rose, stop! Don't torment me.

Rose—(coming to Jasper)—Tell me the news, quick! Where have you been? What have you done? Who did you see? What do you know? (Dances around.)

Jasper—What do you think I know? Do you take me for a walking lexicon, or a carrier pigeon?

Rose—No! but— Oh! Jasper—did you see Daisy to-day?

Jasper—No; I saw no daisies, nor sunflowers, nor lilies; but I see a Rose now.

Rose—[sings]—"Little Daisy." Oh, Jasper, let's rehearse for the concert.

Jasper—All right. You start off with a song.

Rose—[sings]—"Lark in the Air." Now, there, it is your turn.

Jasper—I don't intend to sing.

Rose—Well, play your mouth-harp.

Jasper plays variations. (Rose dances.)

Knock at door. (Enter Horace.) [L 1st.]

Horace—Blooming wild as ever; just like the rose she is named after. (X to C.)

Rose—Sir Horace, here is Jasper—(aside)—My mash!

Horace—You seem to be enjoying yourself, Jasper.

Jasper—I always do, when in the company of Rose.

Rose—Yes, we do enjoy ourselves; don't we, darling? (Chucks Jasper under chin.) Sir Horace, we have been rehearsing for the concert, and as you intend to take part, we would like to hear your recitation.

Horace—Well, if you promise to sing one of your songs for me, I will give it.

Rose—All right. Go ahead.

Horace—[recites]—Now for the song.

Rose—[sings]—“Greenwood Yesterday.”

Bell rings. (Rose looks out the window.) [R C.]

Rose—Mercy! It is near morning. There is Brown with Mr. Gregory. Get out the back door, quick!

Horace—But Rose—

Rose—Don't stand on the order of going; (Rose pushes them out) but go at once. [Boy off at R.] Brown will think I just got up to let him in, for he left his keys in his office last night. [Runs off at L.]

Enter with Brown and Gregory.

Brown—Rose, I would not have rung the bell, but I forgot my key last night. Get breakfast for this gentleman and myself as soon as possible.

Rose—Yes, sir! (Sings, Yes, Sir! Yes, etc.) [Exit at R.]

Gregory—That is a lively piece you have.

Brown—Yes. She is as full of mischief as I am of the devil. Now, Gregory, for the finishing touch to the will. (Pulls document from his pocket.) There is a sample of legal accomplishment, and if there is any technical point of law omitted, it will take more than Blackstone himself to find it. (Reads will.)

I, Wesley St. Clair, finding myself in the yellow sere of life, and knowing that death is the heritage of humanity, I feel that my worldly affairs ought to be placed in order so, when the Boatman comes to take me across—no sin of omission in this respect will be added to my burden.

Now, therefore I Wesley St. Clair, do make my last will and testament by bequeathing all my real and personal property of what ever kind and wheresoever found, equally between Sylvester Brown, my life long friend, and William Gregory, my former partner in business who stood by me in many a financial storm, and saved me from numerous threatened business wrecks. It is my wish that the manslon in which I now reside shall revert to William Gregory, for the sole use of himself and family, as part of his share in the division of said property. The residue of the estate to be sold immeadiatly succeeding my death, and disposed of as aforesaid.

In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and seal—
This 20th day of June, 1869,

Gregory—I see you have left Nina out in the cold.

Brown—Of course! It is natural that I should. St. Clair, as is well known, amply provided for her; but, unfortunately for the child, the institution to which he entrusted her money has, through ruinous speculation, ceased to exist, and Nina no longer enjoys an income.

Gregory—It has been two years since that event. Well do I remember how she was compelled to leave her boarding school, because her bills were no longer cashed. Still, that money was only intended to make sure of her education.

Brown—No doubt of that; but do not forget that St. Clair was terribly involved within six months of his death, and you and myself being his supposed largest creditors, it will appear plausible that he should have made his will in our favor. Besides, he, at the time, did not dream that his property would enhance in value so speedily.

Gregory—Ah! Brown, those claims of ours, you know, are fictitious and trumped up, and could not be collected by law.

Brown—What of that? They are on file against him, and who is there living to dispute them now? They cover nearly the value of his property at the time I date this will.

Gregory—I see the motive that prompts you to exclude Nina; but she should in some way be provided for. The amount the estate will bring now, would warrant some portion for her.

Brown—Let your pious conscience rest on that score, for if the estate falls into our possession, we can have a just excuse to give her a good sum, by virtue of the price it brings in excess of value at the time the will was made.

Gregory—Now, promise this and I am satisfied; but the girl should be cared for now, and not be permitted, by want, to wander the streets like an arab.

Brown—It is her own fault. She has been offered a home in my family repeatedly, but prefers, as she says, “to eat the bread of independence by selling flowers.”

Gregory—Yes! She’s a spirited girl and has inherited her father’s nature.

Brown—Now, sir, what other point of objection to the promising document?

Gregory—None whatever. Your skill and wisdom is manifest, and I have prepared to give it the final attest—by your permission. (Reaches for the paper.)

Brown—Make no blunder.

(Gregory takes paper; lights are lowered; dark lantern suddenly flashes from the table. After short interval, lights go up.)

Gregory—’Tis finished. (Hands paper to Brown.)

Brown—By heavens! Line for line; signatures exact, without

the millionth part of a line variation; duplicates of signatures on the dockets of the court. Now, dame Fate, we fall upon thy bosom.

Gregory—Amen!

[SCENE CLOSES.]

SCENE 4—NINA, THE FLOWER GIRL.

A street. (Ent. R) Nina with basket of flowers.

Nina—How I do love to be surrounded by the perfume of flowers. [Takes one from basket] Here is a rose from papa's grave, how delightful it smells. [Enter Horace Ridgely]

Horace—Ah! Nina, we meet again.

Nina—Yes, Horace. See this rose, is it not beautiful?

[Horace takes Rose]—How fragrant! Who can tell the origin of such sweetness?

Nina—I have heard that love once was at a feast given by Olympus, and while at a light and lively dance, overthrew with a stroke of his wing a cup of nectar, which precious liquid falling on the rose, embalmed it with that delightful fragrance which it still retains.

Horace—Why Nina your description is quite classical. The poet once said that love in his bower

Had two blush roses of birth divine;
He sprinkled one with a rainbow shower,
But bathed the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds that drank the floods,
Distilled by the rainbow, decline and fade,
While those which the tide of ruby dyed,
All blushed with beauty, like thee sweet maid.

Nina—How beautiful the sentiment! The rose has always been a theme for poets, who have truly called it the daughter of heaven, the ornament of earth, and the glory of spring. Here, Horace, is a spray I selected expressly for you. Do you understand the language of flowers?

Horace—Not perfectly, but I understand this one denotes “a bond of love,” and I shall keep it ever in remembrance of you. So farewell Nina! To-morrow we meet again!

[Exit Horace] (L) Nina—What a strange feeling he always leaves with me.

Enter pedestrienne who inspects flowers.

Ped—Have you flowers to suit me?

Nina—That depends upon your purpose in getting them.

Ped.—Give me one suitable for a nice young man.

Nina—Do you love him?

Ped.—O yes, I love him as the flowers love the dew, oh! too utterly too! and I hope he—

Nina—You hope he loves you; well, here is a hawthorne, which denotes hope.

Ped.—Thanks, [walks off] Hope! I shall hope until I win.
 [Exit] (R)

[Enter male ped.] (R)—Ah! Flower girl!

Nina—A nice bouquet, Sir?

Ped.—Let me see, what have you? I wish something for a child in death.

Nina—Then here is a sprig of cypress and a white rose, the one denotes mourning, and the other silence.

Ped. [takes the sprig] (aside). [How well adapted]—Thanks; your choice is very appropriate. [Pays Nina. Exit ped.] (R)

Nina [takes Angelica in her fingers]—Here is one for Mr. Graywood, which reminds me that I must call on him for an explanation of his last conversation with me, when he said nature intended me for a higher sphere, and that the law would do me justice. He must have some reason for talking this way; and then, the interest he takes in me! Why, every day I meet him two or three times, and he always greets me so warmly, and parts with some kind word of warning or advice. If I believed in guardian spirits, as he does, I should think that he was an angel in human form, especially sent by my dear father and mother to watch over me. I shall stop and see him on my way to my poor abode. [Arranges flowers]—Oh! Why have I been deprived of everything—mother, father, fortune and home—home, the dearest place of all! [Clasps hands Exit Nina]

SCENE 5—THE RESOLVE.

Sitting-room in Graywood's house. (Mrs. Graywood sitting at table.) [R C.]

Mr. G.—(Enter L)—What legal mockery!

Mrs. G.—Has some new point developed?

Mr. G.—Yes! the found will has been admitted to probate.

Mrs. G.—I suppose you will file exception to its audit?

Mr. G.—I shall endeavor to delay its final adjudication.

Mrs. G.—What valid reason can you establish?

Mr. G.—There are technicalities of the law ample for the purpose, but my private plea will be—my constant impression that the genuine will can be found.

Mrs. G.—That constant impression means that you believe the spirits will aid you to find it.

Mrs. G.—With your encouragement I should never find it.

Knock at door. [Enter Nina at L 1st.]

Nina—(with greeting)—I have brought a bouquet for you, Mr. Graywood.

Mrs. G.—Why Nina! How glad I am to see you!

Mr. G.—Ah! Nina! Your gift is very acceptable. This is an Angelica, the emblem of inspiration.

Mrs. G.—Dear child, how little you know of the dangers attending you as an unprotected flower girl.

Mrs. G. [aside]—To think that such a child as Nina should be so wronged.

Nina (to Graywood)—I should have brought you the question flower, Mr. Graywood; for I want you, if you will, to answer one for me.

Mr. G.—Certainly, Nina. What is the question?

Nina.—The other day when you said "the law would do me justice," what did you mean?

Mr. G.—Simply this, Nina; that you have been cruelly wronged out of your father's estate!

Nina.—I can scarcely believe that any one could be so wicked as to wrong me, but I will not, I cannot, think that my dear papa died leaving me to the mercy of strangers.

Mr. G.—Yet there is a will on record which bequeathes all of your father's property to lawyer Brown and Mr. Gregory; but I believe that document to be a swindle and a forgery!

Nina.—A swindle and a forgery!

Mrs. G.—You should be cautious in making these charges, Mr. Graywood, unless you can prove them.

Mr. G.—I cannot help expressing my convictions.

Nina.—How can this will be a forgery if it has been signed by the proper witnesses, Mr. Graywood?

Mr. G.—You mention a very significant point, Nina; for these witnesses are a certain George Leonard and a William Raymond.

Mrs. G.—Why, Mr. Graywood, these parties are dead!

Mr. G.—Yes: and this fact will make it an easy matter to palm their forged signatures upon the court.

Mrs. G.—You speak too positively, Mr. Graywood. Let us discuss Nina's affairs in other directions.

Mr. G.—Very good! [Rises from seat † to Nina] Well, Nina, Mrs. Graywood and myself have decided that you are to come and make your home with us. We will take no refusal!

Mrs. G.—Yes, dear; I am often lonesome, and your companionship will be more valuable than all your earnings from the flowers.

Nina.—[† to Mrs. G.] I am very grateful for your kind offer, and I am sure I could be very happy in your home.

Mrs. G. [embracing Nina]—Then, dear Nina, you will not refuse. Come to my dressing room and see the dresses I have purchased for you in expectation of this change.

Nina.—Dear Mrs. Graywood, how kind you are! [Exit Nina and Mrs. G.]

Mr. G.—Truly, this is a case of love at first sight. Why they take to each other like two magnets. It is an event that brings e joy, as Nina will no longer be subject to street temptation.

[Mr. Graywood sits down and reads paper. After a pause] Ah! the London *Globe*. Here is a strange bit of news (Reads) "The celebrated Madame Blavotska, the Russian medium, has

located in this city, and will give private seances only to those with whom the spirit world desires specially to communicate."

[Repeats paragraph excitedly.] How singular that this paragraph should meet my eye at this time. If there is any mortal being the spirit world ought to communicate with that mortal is myself; and as this advertisement points me to their instrument, I shall visit this new star in the spiritual firmament; and who knows but that St. Clair will speak to me face to face. To London I go.

Ridgely(C)—You go to London; for what?

Mr. Graywood.—Ha! Ridgely; you here. Yes, I go to London. Read this, and you will know the reason. (Hands paper to Ridgely, who reads paragraph.)

Ridgely.—Ah! Still on the hunt for the shade of St. Clair.

Mr. G.—Yes! and if there is an avenue by which he can return, I will find it.

Ridgely—Mr. Graywood, we are friends, but I feel constrained to say, that while I emulate you as a man, and consider the goodness of your motives in behalf of Nina, your enthusiastic and persistent search after shadows seems inconsistent with your practical common sense. I fear 'tis but the fruitage of your deistical education.

Mr. G [rises from chair † to L]—How Ridgley, Deistical Education! Such fruitage can never prove as barren as the soulless instruction of the atheist. To him, the world lies half buried in sand, like the great Egyptian sphinx of stone, and the universe is the cold, iron mask of a shapeless eternity!

Ridgely—Still, reason is his guide, and nature his only laboratory!

Mr. G.—And reason teaches me that those shadows which you deride, are the indications of existing realities, the substance of things unseen!

Ridgely—Have not your efforts failed repeatedly, and would you spend time, money, and risk the perils of the ocean, on the basis of a mere newspaper puff, or is this puff an indication, or perhaps the substance of a shadow? Ha! ha! Nonsense! nonsense!

Graywood [† to R]—This substance of a shadow has environed me about since St. Clair's death. It is present in my dreams by night, and quickens my intuitions by day. Even now, I hear a voice, in the tone of a silver bell, saying: "be firm; let no power on earth, not even Ridgely's sarcasm, or the ocean's danger stay me in my resolve." So, to London, I go.

Ridgely [advancing to door]—Well Mr. Greywood, if you have decided, I can only wish that good spirits [sarcastically] may attend you. [On exit] The only trouble is, his deistical education. (C)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

THE SPIRIT MONITION.

AT LONDON.

Seance room in the house of Madame Blavotska, medium.

Mad. B.—(seated. [L C] Lulu, her maid, arranging her hair.)
—Be brief, Lulu, I am already exhausted.

Lulu—Do you intend to give audience to-day?

Mad. B.—Yes; there is no respite for mediums in these transitional times. There are too many hungry souls seeking spiritual food.

Lulu—Do you know whom your next visitor will be?

Mad. B.—Certainly! A gentleman from America will call to-day; his spirit friends have led him to brave the ocean expressly to communicate with him, through me. You know that I always have a fore-gleam of every person that crosses my threshold.

Lulu—How strange! Do the spirits never deceive you?

Mad. B.—Never, as to the character of my visitors. Are you nearly finished?

Lulu—There, you look exquisite!

Mad. B.—I shall now retire, Lulu, and when the gentleman calls, will be ready to receive him. (Exit Mad.) [R 1st.]

Lulu—Dear me, what a strange creature. I wonder if all mediums are like the madam. How good and kind she is! I wish I was a medium—no I don't either. It would not suit me to be bored to death by every crank in the universe; but then, madam is not cold souse for every one that calls, for she does not admit more than one out of every ten. She tells me that her clairvoyant power enables her to see persons at the door and read their character. I wish I was a clairvoyant, if only that I might watch my darling Oscar, and see where he goes the night's he is absent from me. (Bell rings.) I wonder if it is the gentleman from America! (Exit Lulu.) [C D.] (Enter gentleman with Lulu.) Be seated, sir; I will call the madame. (Exit Lulu.) [R 1st.]

Mr. Graywood—Here I am at last, in the house of the celebrated Madame Blavotska. There is an air of refinement pervading the place that bespeaks the character of the woman. I feel that I have not obeyed my impression in vain. Ah! She comes. (Rises.)

Enter Mad. B.—(R 1st.)—You are punctual, Mr. Graywood; I anticipated your coming.

Mr. G.—Anticipated my coming! and already know my name? Pray, madam, who preceded me with this information?

Mad. B.—Your spirit friend; St. Clair.

Mr. G.—St. Clair? Madame, a rhapsody of joy fills my soul, and I will listen with holy reverence to the words you utter. Tell me more, for it was to communicate w'th St. Clair that I came this journey.

Mad. B.—Be seated, sir. I have a message from your spirit friend, St. Clair; I find your mission is a noble one, and master minds have aided him in spirit life to bring you here, that you might gain knowledge by which justice may be dispensed and villainy foiled.

Mr. G.—May their will be done!

Mad. B.—St. Clair passed from earth December 25th, 1869.

Mr. G.—Great heavens! 'tis true. (Astonishing proof of her inspiration.)

Mad. B.—He left a will dated September 18th, 1864. Sir Walter Ridgely and yourself were the witnesses. This will you are unable to find.

Mr. G.—Yes! but is this will yet in existence?

Mad. B.—It is! And in behalf of the daughter of St. Clair, you are here to know of its whereabouts.

Mr. G.—That alone is my mission.

Mad. B.—There is another will claimed to be St. Clair's. This will has been forged and consummated by two villains named Gregory and Brown.

Mr. G.—My impression, then, was right.

Mad. B.—Please—not so demonstrative; you make me nervous.

Mr. G.—Beg pardon, madame, proceed.

Mad. B.—The false will divides the St. Clair estate equally between Gregory and Brown, and by virtue of this will, they are petitioning the courts for possession.

Mr. G.—This is indeed true.

Mad. B.—Their villainy must be foiled. Your spirit friend, St. Clair, informs me that his last will and testament can be found in the library of the north wing of the St. Clair mansion. It is secreted in an old family checker-board, which rests on the topmost shelf of the largest book-case.

Mr. G.—This is truly a revelation from the spirit world.

Mad. B.—The court will find this will to be perfectly valid. It gives possession of the property to St. Clair's daughter, Nina, the legitimate heir. But I see a question rising in your mind.

Mr. G.—(aside)—Why, she is a psychometrist and reads my thoughts. (Aloud)—Yes, there is; can you tell me what it is?

Mad. B.—How you may invalidate the forged will.

Mr. G.—You are right, madame. (Aside)—'Tis astonishing.

Mad. B.—It will be easily done. George Leonard, one of the supposed witnesses to this will, is believed to be dead, but he still lives.

Mr. G.—Are you not mistaken on this point, madame? I was present with many others at his funeral ceremonies; besides his

wife received payment on an insurance policy subsequent to his death.

Mad. B.—That is all true; but George Leonard was removed from the casket before burial, by a dexterous feat performed by the undertaker.

Mr. G.—Impossible, madame.

Mad. B.—Yet, true! George Leonard fled the country. He has since returned, and, under a false name, is living on the banks of the Hudson. His exact location can be determined by the post-mark on his wife's mail matter.

Mr. G.—Madame, you astonish me, but I have faith in your words.

Mad. B.—Your object here is now ended; my obligations to St. Clair filled—(rises—turns in direction of R 3d.)

Enter spirit of St. Clair. (R 3d.)

Mad. B.—(starts back and stares at figure)—The self-same spirit that claims to be St. Clair. (Takes Graywood by arm.) Look there! Do you not see its graceful form?

Mr. G.—No; none but ourselves and vocant air!

Mad. B.—(to spirit)—Have I not your full commands obeyed?

Spirit—Yes! Every syllable, and I do you thank.

Mr. G.—(aside)—She is now in a deep clairvoyant state.

Mad. B.—(still gazing on spirit)—Why, then, come again in chrysalis form, and splendors of your rank.

Spirit—To save my friend from sudden death; for I see that the steamer in which he intends to passage home will encounter storms terrific, and nearly all on board will sink, to rise no more in mortal flesh. Warn him of this danger, and sound it loudly in his ears. (Exit spirit while talking.) (R 3d.)

Mad. B.—Would all had ears and eyes like mine. (Turns to Graywood.) But sir, before we part, permit me to fore-warn you of impending danger. You intend to take the next steamer for America, but your journey must be delayed until the next departure, as the first steamer will encounter a heavy storm, attended with disastrous results. According to your faith, sir, so be it to you. (Madame bows, speaking.) [Exit madame.] (R 1st.)

Mr. G.—(Absorbed in thought)—But, madame, my thanks are due. She has gone—glided away like a picture of the mind. Do I dream? No! 'tis a reality. I am in London. Those words: "According to your faith, so be it to you. I will have faith in this, *The Spirit Monition*; and shall begin by seeking some other passage home, so in case the steamer I intended to take does sink, I will escape a watery grave. [Exit.] (C D.)

[CURTAIN.]

ACT III.

SCENE 1—NEWS OF THE DISASTER.

Street in Philadelphia. Ridgely (R)—I do not think Greywood's trip to London will turn out very favorably, if Mrs. Greywood keeps up her melancholy moods much longer! She labors under the delusion that Mr. Greywood is in constant danger, and yesterday she related a dream in which she saw Mr. Graywood brought home dead. I assured her that dreams are but the result of physical irregularities but she still despends. The whole business grows out of her deistical education!

[Enter newsboy(L)crying,] *Evening News!* Terrible disaster at sea!

[Ridgley buys one and reads] [exit boy] (R)—“The English steamer that left Liverpool on the 30th inst. for America, encountered a heavy gale. She stood the storm for hours and then sunk beneath the waves. Every passenger was lost.” [After a pause] Why this is the very steamer on which Graywood took passage! The telegram by cable stated that he would embark on the 30th. Great God! Graywood dead! Impossible! Oh! How shall I break the news to Mrs. Graywood. There is more in her dream than I could credit! [Exit Ridgely in tears] (L)

SCENE 2—THE ENIGMA.

Sittingroom in Graywood's [Scene opens; Mrs. Graywood and Nina seated at table.] Nina—What time did Mr. Graywood reach London?

Mrs. G.—His cable dispatch announced his safe arrival on the 27th, and that he would return on the steamer leaving Liverpool on the 30th.

Nina—Well, this is the 14th, and he has already been homeward bound 13 days. So we shall soon see his face and hear his voice again!

Mrs. G.—Oh! Nina, how sad I feel. I have a constant dread of some impending danger to my husband.

Nina—Dear Mrs. Graywood, do not give way to these strange feelings, it makes me feel so unhappy.

Enter Ridgely (C)—Mrs. Graywood, where is the cable dispatch you received from Graywood?

Mrs. G.—Oh, Ridgely! What is the matter? Why are you so pale? Speak! Tell me the cause of your excitement!

Ridgely—Mrs. Graywood, I cannot! Here, Nina, read this for her. [Hands paper to Nina] (Nina reads the ship news) [All stand. C]

Mrs. G.—Every passenger lost! Oh! heaven; Can it be? My husband in a watery grave! Oh! oh! my husband! [faints; Nina sobs].

[After an interval] Nina—It is false! Mr. Graywood cannot, must not, be dead!

Ridgely—Be brave, Mrs. Graywood, this rumor may be false (aside) [Would that I thought so!]

Mrs. G.—No! no Ridgely I feel that it is true!

Ridgely—If true, 'tis the work of those infamous' lying, spiritual mediums! Every one of them should be gibbeted!

Enter messenger (C)—A dispatch from New York.

Ridgeley [takes dispatch and opens it]—From Graywood!

Mrs. G. and Nina—From Mr. Graywood!

Ridgely [reads dispatch]—"I did not leave Liverpool on the 30th, as per last mes-age, having been w^rnncd not to do so, but reached New York to-day on another steamer. Will come home by the next train," Graywood.

Nina—See, I knew he could not be dead!

Mrs. G. Why, how strange! Who could have warned him to delay?

Ridgely—This is an enigma to me!

Nina—Perhaps a good spirit warned him of the danger!

Ridgely—Spirit or mortal, it was good advice.

Mrs. G.—Rather feel that God's providence has saved him from a watery grave;

Nina—How thankful and happy we should be!

SCENE 3—THE DETECTIVE.

Street scene in Philadelphia Enter Det. (R) notes in hand, and looking back.

Detective—Well, all the cranks not dead yet! Graywood, the grain merchant, has just arrived from London, and has given me one hundred dollars on account of five hundred to work up a job! Ha! ha! And such a job! Talk about your "voodooism," "Stigmata," "slate writing," and materialization! Why, Graywood's genii eclipses them all! This spirit Solon gives the information that George Leonard still lives, and that St. Clair left a will concealed in the old mansion. Graywood believes this stuff, and pays me to plan a scheme by which a clandestine search can be made, and then I am to go on the trail of George Leonard, a man whom I know is dead. All right! Mr. Graywood, while you are inspired by your spirits, I am inspired by your cash, and when you come to look for George Leonard and the will, you will find them as your money will be—dematerialized. (Exit L)

SCENE 4—ROOM AT GRAYWOOD'S HOUSE.

Mr. Graywood and Ridgely enter. (C)

Ridgely—The news of your supposed death was a terrible shock to your wife's nerves. (Both sit at table.)

Mr. G.—Yes, but since my return she has regained her usual strength and vivacity. An! mine was a narrow escape.

Ridgely—I must confess that your abundant faith in the medium saved you.

Mr. G.—I hope you consider it a sufficient test to warrant proper search for the will.

Ridgely.—It is, indeed, an incentive to follow the balance of her advice implicitly, and you should call to our aid a good detective, that George Leonard may be found.

Mr. G.—I have already secured the service of Detective Franks, He will be here to-night to report his plans.

(Enter servant)—[C]—A gentleman to see Mr. Graywood.

Mr. G.—Send him up immediately.

(Enter gentleman)—[C D]—This is Mr. Graywood, I presume?

Mr. G.—That is my name, sir. (Rises.)

Gent—I see by the papers that you have a cargo of grain consigned to you. Is it for sale?

Mr. G.—Yes, sir; to the highest bidder.

Gent—Will you give me a note of preference if a bid is made by 10 o'clock in the morning?

Mr. G.—(taking pen, writes)—With pleasure. Your name, sir?

Gent—(pulls off disguise)—My name, gentlemen is—

Mr. G.—Ah! Detective Franks. Wonderful transformation.

Ridgely—You rascal!

Detec.—This is part of my profession. All things to all men.

Mr. G.—Then your grain purchase was all a sham?

Detec.—Of course! I could not purchase the load for \$5, with the boat thrown in. We detectives are poor. We spend more money than we earn. (Laughter.) [The trio form line C.]

Mr. G.—Well! Have you found a plan of operation in my case, from the cue I gave you to-day?

Detec.—Yes! I propose that you and Ridgely call upon Gregory to-morrow night at 8 o'clock. He will, in all probability, receive you in the library. I will send a man to see him privately, at 8.15. This will occasion Gregory's absence from the room, and give you time to secure the will, if it is there to find. This in your possession, your main object is accomplished. Meanwhile, I will spread my net for the living dead-man, George Leonard, and we can afterward report progress.

Mr. G.—Splendid, old fellow!

Ridgely—Yes! Very feasible.

Detec.—Then you each agree?

Mr. G.—Yes; and in the morning will send Gregory a note, advising him of our coming.

Detec.—Right! Now, then, to don my disguise. Good-night, gentlemen, I'm off! Give me a note of preferment, Mr.

Graywood, for your cargo of grain. (In chorus)—Ha! Ha! Ha!
[Exit detective.] (C)

SCENE 5—THE GENUINE WILL.

Library at St. Clair Mansion—Gregory at Table. (C)

Greg.—The tenure of my stay here will be short unless the property is secured by the will being faithfully adjudicated. I wonder what infernal design Graywood had in obtaining an injunction against the administrators. Can he suspect the complicity of Brown and myself in the improvised will? Or does he possess a clue as to the existence of the genuine one? He and Ridgely call here to-night, and I'll sound them to their depth.

Servant.—(R 1st) Two gentlemen, Sir.

Greg.—Show them up. [Enter Graywood and Ridgely.

Greg.—Good evening, gentlemen; be seated. Your note apprised me of your coming, and I will be pleased to have an interview.

Graywood.—I never felt more honored in the past than while sitting in the St. Clair mansion.

Ridgely.—And little did I dream that you, Mr. Gregory, would ever become its proprietor.

Greg.—(Aside) Would that I was. (Aloud) Yes! Old Clio, the Father of Time, performs some strange freaks by the flight of his wings.

Graywood.—It created a seven day's wonder when the papers announced the discovery of St. Clair's will!

Greg.—No doubt; but the wonder is that the court granted a stay of proceedings in its execution.

Graywood.—I suppose this will only tend to make your claims more valid.

Greg. (aside)—He evidently does not suspect.

Enter Servant (R 1st)—Gentleman below, Sir, who desires a private interview.

Greg.—Excuse me for a short time, gentlemen, as this is a very unexpected interruption. (Exit R.1.)

Ridgely.—Now is our opportune time to test your spirit theory, Graywood. So be sharp.

Graywood.—Yes; and I have been taking observations preparatory to our search. According to instructions I will find an old family checker board on the topmost shelf of yonder book case. Within that checker board I will find St. Clair's will. (Ascends to reach shelf, searches, produces checker board covered with dust! Descends.) Ah, Ridgely, our game is won! (Opens checker board) Ye gods, Ridgely! The will is *not* here.

Ridgely.—What! Not there! Ah, Graywood, you have been tricked.

Graywood—But wait; there is surely some secret partition. Yes; a slide. Ah! it gives; 'tis open! Behold, Ridgely! (Produces papers) The last will and testament of Wesley St. Clair!

Ridgely—A thousand pardons, Graywood, for my lack of faith!

Graywood.—This is no place for apologies, Ridgely; but thanks be to the Gods for this wonderful success! But hark! He comes! (Graywood hurriedly replaces checker board; secretes will, and each resume seats.

Enter Gregory (R 1st)—I hope my absence has not marred your pleasure, gentlemen!

Ridgely.—Oh, no! Mr. Graywood has been recounting to me his many pleasant associations in connection with this old mansion in the past.

Gregory.—'Tis pleasant to recall happy memories.

Graywood.—And, oh, how joyful are those memories when associated with acts of justice and truth.

Gregory.—I suppose, gentlemen, that you are here to-night in reference to the justice of the ruling of the court in the case of the will?

Graywood.—You divine our mission, sir. It is with a view to fix speedy date for the cross-examining of our respective evidence in court.

Gregory.—You can appoint the time. My proofs are complete (aside) unless the old adage lies that dead men tell no tales. [Gentlemen rise

Graywood.—[Graywood and Ridgely approach door] Then we will name the December term. [Both exit R1st.

Gregory.—So be it. I shall appear.

(Curtain)

ACT IV.

SCENE 1—THE ADROIT SWINDLE.

Street at midnight in Schenectady, N. Y. Hotel de Hudson in view.

[Enter George Leonard (alias William Green), counting notes from wallet.] (L)

Green—Just one hundred dollars left out of the five thousand paid by the insurance company to my wife after my supposed death. Well! This is the gamblers fate! The old adage holds true—"Come easy; go easy!" That was an easy swindle on the insurance company; and how adroitly managed by the undertaker, who only charged me fifty dollars for the job. Ha! ha! ha! I can see that coffin before me yet, with thick folds of crape all around it, reaching to the floor. I'll never forget—Ha! ha! ha! —while stretched in the coffin—Ha! ha! ha!—I wanted to cough—Ha! ha! ha!—but didn't dare. Ha! ha! ha! And then the mourners passing around my corpse, looking at my powdered face—ha! ha! he!—with pennies on my eyes—ha! ha! he! he!—and their crocodile tears dropping on my shroud —ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! Then the lid of the coffin came down with a bang—ho! ho! he! he! he!—skinning my nose—ha! ha! ha!—and I touched the spring and the bottom fell open and down I slid—ha! ha!—through a hole in the floor to the cellar—ho! ho! ho!—and how quick I pushed the log of wood up into the coffin, and fastened the bottom again—he! he! he! —the undertaker making as much noise as possible in screwing down the lid, to drown the noise inside—ha! ha! ha! ha! It rouses my mirth when I think of it—ha! ha! he! he! ho! Yet its remembrance brings with it some dread feeling of gloom in the future, as a consequence. But why should I brood over and anticipate future evil at this time when I should be at the gaming table, with a smile on my face, and appear as happy as a lord! I must make one more effort to win back that which is lost—the insurance money on my life. [Exit Green] (R)

Enter Detective Franks—(L)—Ah! I've scented my game at last! He's as swift as a roe, but I will make sure that he does not give me the slip as easily as he did the insurance company. He has a destination, and I will dog his footsteps into his very kennel! [Exit detective.] (R)

SCENE 2—THE ARREST.

Night Scene in gambling Room in Hotel de Hudson—Four men seated at table (R. C.)—Enter Detective Franks with Graywood (L. C.)

Banker.—All ready, gentlemen.

1st Gambler.—Stop, I want to shift my checks.

2nd Gambler.—Go ahead; give us a turn.

Detective (aside to Graywood) — This is one of the most noted dens in the city. Here fortunes are made and lost in a night.

Graywood.—Who is the proprietor?

Detective.—That is not publicly known. The backers of the bank are headless. [Voice from table] The ace loses, and I am a ruined man!

Graywood.—Who is he that spoke?

Detective.—He is a trusted clerk in a well-known banking house.

Another voice from table.—The king wins and I am on it for a thousand dollars. Now I quit and cash in my checks. (Speaker receives money and retires.)

Detective.—That young man is a counter hopper in a dry-goods establishment.

Graywood.—Who is the man with the white vest?

Detective.—He is here known by the name of William Green.

Green (rising).—Great God! my last dollar is lost!

Detective (aloud)—But his real name is George Leonard!

Green—Who mentions the name of George Leonard? (advancing toward Detective).

Detective.—A mere coincidence, Sir! This gentleman was relating a dream in which a person of that name figured. Why, do you know of such a man?

Green.—No! No!—that is—I once knew a George Leonard, but he is dead. (Aside) Would that I had never known him!

Graywood (Aside)—This is our man.

Detective.—Yes; and he is on the alert!

Green (Aside).—Ah! these men mean mischief; but as chances are against me I now feel ripe for any venture.

[Approaching door.]

Detective (following).—Did I understand you to say, sir, that George Leonard was dead?

Green.—I said so, I believe!

Detective.—Then you lie; for George Leonard stands before me!

Green.—Hush! In heaven's name who are you?

Detective (Throwing off disguise)—I am—

Green.—Ha! Detective Franks!! (Gamblers rise in consternation.)

Banker.—Who talks of detectives here?

Detective.—I do, sir; and my mission is to arrest this man.
(Lays hand on Green's shoulder.)

Banker.—On what charge, sir?

Detective.—That is my business! Sufficient for you to know that I am not here to disturb you or your game, unless my prisoner is interfered with!

Green.—Produce your warrant.

Detective.—There. Read your charge! You are arrested in the name of the law! [Gamblers withdraw.] (L. C.)

Green (reading warrant).—By heavens! Gentlemen, I swear to you that this charge is false!

Graywood.—But what have you to say in reference to the five thousand dollar swindle perpetrated on the life insurance company?

Green.—By the shades of death, I swear—

Detective.—Enough, Leonard! You are the living evidence of your crime!

Green.—But this is a charge of forgery. Of that charge I swear I am innocent!

Detective.—But listen: One, Sylvester Brown, and Simon Gregory are in possession of a will purporting to have been executed by a Wesley St. Clair, now deceased.

Green.—Wesley St. Clair?

Detective.—Yes! and this will bears the signatures of two witnesses, respectively George Leonard and Wm. Raymond.

Green.—Then it is indeed a forgery! William Raymond is dead, but I never saw or signed such a document as the will of Wesley St. Clair!

Graywood.—Then you can annul these scoundrels' work!

Detective.—If your signature has been forged to this will, the law will require you to testify against it!

Green.—But since you know of my funeral trick I am lost! My very presence in court will be the cause of a second arrest.

Detective.—In case of such an occurrence I will pledge you bail, and if thereafter you do not care to chance a trial, why, be knave enough to skip as you did before.

Green.—Ah! I see; you simply wish me to swear that my signature has been forged by this Gregory and Brown.

Detective.—That is all! This matter is a secret between the parties chiefly concerned, and the insurance company will have very small chance of discovering your identity! So come with us, Leonard, and be glad that your safety on that point is comparatively secured. [Exit trio.] (L.C.)

Leonard, alias Green.—The curse of William Green be on the Hotel de Hudson for ever !

SCENE 3—SHOWING THE WHITE FEATHER.

Philadelphia Street—Court house in view—Enter Gregory and Brown (R)

Gregory—I tell you, our game is up, and it would be prudence not to appear in court!

Brown—Why man, are you mad ? to show the white feather at this juncture would make our guilt transparent. Mr. Gregory, we must wear the guise of virtue and innocence to the last—Be present, and overrule all objections !

Gregory—Our objections will avail nothing. The decision of the judge, as you well know, will be imperative

Brown—Gregory, shake off these groundless fears, they are but the shadows of fancy. Remember, great prizes involve great risks !

Gregory—Oh, fool that I was to be lured by this golden glitter!

Brown—Pshaw ! Nonsense ! rather dream of your future prosperity. Nerve up, man ! Why Graywood and Ridgely lack the essential point of evidence against us ! Without George Leonard or William Raymond to deny their signatures, the judge will unquestionably rule in our favor ! Even if we do lose our case, who is there living to prove us guilty ? Remember that dead men tell no tales !

Gregory—Your words inspire me with hope, but, mark me, Brown, Graywood and Ridgely will bitterly dispute the validity of our claims ! [Exit Gregory and Brown] (L)

(Enter Graywood and Ridgely) Ridgely (R)—Have you any doubt as to the decision of the court?

Graywood—None whatever ! Our cause is just, and the evidence is positive ! With the addition of George Leonard's living testimony, the court has but one resource—to grant our claims ! Then the law will make it hot for Gregory and Brown !

Ridgely—Ah ! the villains. Did they but dream that George Leonard will face them in the flesh, they would make their presence scarce !

Graywood—Ah ! Ridgely, a villain's darkened mind sees not the net he weaves around himself while in the act of consummating crime. But come, the hour is nigh when justice gives a banquet.

Ridgely—Graywood, your faith is marvellous !

Graywood—Why should I lack in faith ? St. Clair saved me from a watery grave, pointed out the will, and brought the dead to life, and now, he whispers to me from the skies and bids me on to victory. (Exit Graywood)

Ridgely—And yet I fear it all grows out of his deistical education. (Exit)

SCENE 4—RISEN FROM THE GRAVE. RECOMPENSE AT LAST.

Court in Session. Judge on bench.

Enter Brown (R 1st) and Gregory, apparently conversing. (go up L.)

Enter Detective Franks with Graywood. (R 1st.)

Graywood—(as they advance to front of stage)—I see the insurance company is represented, after all; that will be bad for Leonard.

Detec.—Yes! Evidently their point is to learn how the court will dispose of the signature of George Leonard, but we can have his bail in readiness, in case of his arrest. In the meanwhile, I'll see that he don't give us the slip. [Exit detec.] (R)

(Graywood takes seat.) [R]

Enter (Horace) Ridgely with Nina, advancing to front.

Horace—Nina, you tremble! perhaps it will be too much for you to witness the scene about to transpire.

Nina—No! no! I wish to witness the triumph of my dear, good friend, Mr. Graywood, for we are now sure that he will establish my claims to papa's estate.

The court is rapped to silence.

(Horace) Ridgely conducts Nina to seat. [R]

Judge—(holding up two documents)—Here are two documents, each drawn up in due form, both purporting to be the last will and testament of one Wesley St. Clair, deceased. Each of these documents bears the signature of Wesley St. Clair; but one only, has been filled in by his own hand. This one bears the signatures of two witnesses—to wit, namely, William Graywood, Esq. and Sir Walter Ridgely. These two signatures have been proven to have been legally attached to said will, on date September 18th, 1864, which date said will bears. The second document, purporting to be the last will and testament of Wesley St. Clair, deceased, has been written by other hands, but bears the bona fide signature of Wesley St. Clair. It also bears the signatures of two witnesses—to wit, namely, one George Leonard and William Raymond. Said witnesses have since died, but the genuineness of their signatures is not questioned, as their exact duplicates are attached to other records in this court. In consequence of this fact, said signatures are believed to have been legally attached to said will, on date June 20th, 1869, which date said will bears. In accordance with the dates affixed to each of the aforesaid wills, there is an interval of four years and nine months between the drawing of the first and second will. *One only*, of these two wills can be executed, and the action of the court is invoked to decide which shall stand valid in law. By the testimony submitted, we find that three years elapsed subsequent to the death of Wesley St. Clair, before either of these two wills

came to public notice. At the end of that time, singular as it may appear, Sylvester Brown and Simon Gregory placed on probate the will dated June 20th, 1869. Simultaneously with this event, Wm. Graywood entered a demurrer against its execution, pleading the existence of another will, which could not be found. Pending this demurrer, William Graywood produced the will dated September 18th, 1864, which disposes of the St. Clair property principally between said William Graywood and Nina, daughter of Wesley St. Clair; while the document placed on probate by Sylvester Brown and Simon Gregory, is drawn in their own favor; therefore, we will now review the remarkable testimony which has been submitted by the aforesaid Wm. Graywood, inasmuch as his allegations and their approximate corroborations must, in a great measure, determine the final decision and ruling of the court. [Sensation.]

(The court is rapped to silence.)

Judge—Said Wm. Graywood testifies that the spirit of Wesley St. Clair, deceased, instructed him through the agency of a spiritual medium at London, England, as to the exact place whereat the undiscovered will could be found; said Wm. Graywood further testifies, that, in accordance with instruction, so received, he instituted search for the aforesaid will, which he found as aforesaid.

Brown—(rising)—Your honor, may I suggest that you review ends at this point, until the medium shall appear to corroborate the statements submitted by Wm. Graywood?

Judge—Testimony given through the agency of a spiritual medium would not be admissible, unless corroborated by facts; therefore, the speaker's suggestion is over-ruled. The court considers the statements of Wm. Graywood independent of the spirit or spiritual medium. If Wm. Graywood found the will by virtue of an alleged spirit direction, he has simply proven that the information given was correct. But there is a missing link in the chain of evidence necessary to establish the validity of the will. That missing link is the living testimony of either of the two witnesses to the document drawn in favor of Gregory and Brown, to wit, namely: George Leonard or William Raymond. (Sensation.)

(Court is rapped to silence.)

Judge—As aforesaid, neither of these men are alive to testify; therefore, as the genuiness of each of the wills stand unchallenged, precedents in law compel a ruling in favor of the will dated last. Therefore, it is the order of the court, that the last will and testament of Wesley St. Clair, bearing date June 20th, 1869, and drawn in favor of Gregory and Brown, stand valid in law. (Sensation.)

(Brown and Gregory rises—Graywood rises—enter George Leonard, with Detective.) (R 1st.)

Leonard—(advancing to Judge's bench, at C)—Your honor, the decision of the court must be reversed! George Leonard stands before you and swears that the document declared valid is a swindle and a forgery!

Spectators—George Leonard! (Sensation.)

(Court is rapped to silence.)

Leonard—I, George Leonard, do solemnly declare that I never affixed my signature to a document purporting to be the last will and testament of Wesley St. Clair! And, in the name of Justice, I demand the arrest of Simeon Gregory and Sylvester Brown.

(Judge signs to officers who advance toward Gregory and Brown.) (Consternation in court.)

Brown—George Leonard risen from the grave to foil me! Then let him suffer! (Draws pistol and shoots Leonard as officer arrests him.)

Leonard—(staggers—falls at C.)—Ha! this is death. (Dies.)

(When Leonard falls, Mrs. Leonard rushes forward and kneels by his head)—My husband shot! (Weeps aloud.)

Detective—(advancing to front)—The gambler's career is ended!

Graywood—(advancing)—The law is vindicated! Justice is enthroned! Recompense at last!

Ridgely—(advancing)—Yes! And it is my opinion that the whole business is the result of—

Nina—Mr. Graywood's unbounded faith in the spirits.

[CURTAIN.]

SEQUEL.

THE SPIRIT MONITION.

Scene Graywood's reception room.—Mr. Graywood: head on table asleep—Enter Mrs. Graywood from L—rubbing her eyes as if waking.

Mrs. G.—He has fallen asleep as I did, but the morning is far advanced, and he must be aroused. Mr. Graywood! Mr. Graywood! musing with morpheus, no doubt.

Mr. G. stares around—Mrs. Graywood, where am I?

Mrs. G.—Why are you not awake?

Mr. G.—Awake! Did you ever talk with a sleeping man?

Mrs. G.—But what is the matter, Mr. Graywood?

Mr. G.—Matter! Did you not hear the result?

Mrs. G.—What result?

Mr. G. rising from chair—Why, Mrs. Graywood, you were in court; Where is Nina? († to R)

Mrs. G.—In court! What do you mean? († L) Nina has been summoned from boarding school and is now probably weeping over her father's remains.

Mr. G.—And you did not see George Leonard shot!

Mrs. G.—How foolishly you talk! Mr. Leonard and his wife dine with us to-day.

Mr. G. excitedly—What! My trip to London, a delusion! The medium a myth, The lost steamer a phantom! The detective a sporting spectre? The checker board a sham! and the will a blank! The decision of the judge a mockery! and Lawyer Brown no forger!

Mrs. G. (In terrified manner)—Why, Mr. Graywood, has your reason left you?

Mr. G.—No! no! no! Ah! I see now! St Clair has just died: I am at home: my wife—I was asleep! It was all a Dream!! (Both at C. F.)

CURTAIN.



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